

Democrat and Sentinel.

THE BLESSINGS OF GOVERNMENT, LIKE THE DEWS OF HEAVEN, SHOULD BE DISTRIBUTED ALIKE, UPON THE HIGH AND THE LOW, THE RICH AND THE POOR.

NEW SERIES.

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Miscellaneous.

The Titus Oates Plot.

In the days of plots, inventions, &c., it would be well for those who get them up to remember the lessons of history. The following is Macaulay's description of the famous Oates Plot, and the result of it:—

Yet was the ferment excited by this discovery—the French plot against Danby a slight, when compared with the commotion which arose when it was noised abroad that a great Popish plot had been detected. One Titus Oates a clergyman of the Church of England, had, by his disorderly life and heterodox doctrine, drawn on himself the censure of his spiritual superiors, had been compelled to quit his benefice, and had, ever since, led an infamous and vagrant life. He had once professed himself a Roman Catholic, and had passed some time on the continent in English colleges of the order of Jesus. In these seminaries he had heard much wild talk about the best means of bringing England back to the true church. From hints thus furnished, he constructed a hideous romance, resembling rather the dream of a sick man than any transaction which ever took place in the world. The pope, he said, had intrusted the government of England to the Jesuits. The Jesuits had, by commissions under the seal of their society, appointed Catholic clergymen, policemen, and gentlemen, to all the highest offices in church and state. The Papists had burned down London once. They tried to burn it down again. They were at that moment planning a scheme for setting fire to all the shipping in the Thames. They were to rise at a signal and massacre all their Protestant neighbors. A French army was at the same time to land in Ireland. All the leading statesmen and divines in England were to be murdered. Three or four schemes had been formed for assassinating the king. He was to be stabbed. He was to be poisoned in his medicine. He was to be shot with silver bullets. The public mind was so sore and excitable that these lies readily found credit with the vulgar; and two events which speedily took place led even some reflecting men to suspect that the tale, though evidently distorted and exaggerated, might have some foundation.

Edmund Coleman, a very busy and not very honest Roman Catholic intruder, had been among the persons accused. Search was made for his papers. It was found that he had destroyed the greater part of them. But a few which escaped, contained some passages which, to minds strongly prepossessed, might seem to confirm the evidences of Oates. These passages, indeed, when candidly construed, appear to express little more than the hopes which the postures of affairs, the predilections of Charles, the still stronger predilections of James, and the relations existing between the French and English courts, might naturally excite in the mind of a Roman Catholic strongly attached to the interests of his church. But the country was not then inclined to construe the letters of Papists candidly; and it was urged, with some show of reason, that, if papers which had been passed over so suspicious, some great mystery of iniquity must have been contained in those documents which had been carefully committed to the flames.

The capital and the whole nation went mad with hatred and fear. The penal laws, which had begun to lose something of their edge, were sharpened anew. Everywhere justices were busy in searching houses and papers. All the jails were filled with Papists. London had the aspect of a city in a state of siege. The train bands were under arms all night. Preparations were made for barricading the great thoroughfares. Patrols marched up and down the street. Cannon were planted round Whitehall. No citizen thought himself safe unless he carried under his coat a small flail loaded with lead to brain the Popish assassins.

The houses insisted that a guard should be placed in the vaults over which they sat, in order to secure them against a second Gunpowder Plot. All their proceedings were of a piece with this demand. To such a temper had eighteen years of misgovernment brought the most loyal Parliament that had ever met in England.

Meanwhile, the courts of justice, which ought to be, in the midst of political commotions, sure places of refuge for the innocent of every party, were disgraced by wilder passions and fouler corruptions than were found even on the hustings. The

tail of Oates, though it had sufficed to convulse the whole realm, would not, until confirmed by other evidence, suffice to destroy the humblest of those whom he had accused. For, by the old law of England, two witnesses are necessary to establish a charge of treason. But the success of the first imposture produced its natural consequences. In a few weeks he had been raised from penury and obscurity to opulence, to power, which made him the dread of princes and nobles, and to notoriety such as has for low and hard minds all the attractiveness of glory. He was not long without conditors and rivals. A wretch named Carstairs who had earned a living in Scotland by going disguised to conventicles and then informing against the preachers, led the way. Bedloe a noted swindler, followed; and soon from all the brothels, gambling houses, and spunging houses of London, false witnesses poured forth to swear away the lives of Roman Catholics. One came with a story about an army of 30,000 men, who were to muster in the disguise of pilgrims at Corunna, and to sail thence to Wales. Another had been promised canonization and five hundred pounds to murder the king. A third had stepped into an eating house in Covent garden, and had there heard a great Roman Catholic banker vow, in the hearing of all the guests and drawers, to kill the heretical tyrant. Oates, that he might not be eclipsed by his imitators, soon added a large supplement to his original narrative. He had the potentius impudence to affirm among other things, that he had once stood behind a door which was ajar, and had there overheard the queen declare that she had resolved to give her consent to the assassination of her husband. The vulgar believed, and the highest magistrates pretended to believe, even such fictions as those. The chief judges of the realm were corrupt, cruel and timid. The leaders of the country party encouraged the prevailing delusion. The most respectable among them, indeed, were themselves so far deluded as to believe the greater part of the evidence of the plot to be true. Such men as Shaftesbury and Buckingham doubtless perceived that the whole was a romance. But it was a romance which served their turn, and to their scared consciences the death of an innocent man gave no more uneasiness than the death of a partridge. The juries partook of the feelings then common throughout the nation and were encouraged by the bench to indulge those feelings without restraint. The multitude applauded Oates, and his confederates hooted and pelted the witnesses who appear on behalf of the accused, and shouted with joy when the verdict of guilty was pronounced.

The Sequel—Six Years After.

Some of these wretches were already beyond the reach of human justice. Bedloe had died in his wickedness, without remorse or shame. Dugdale had followed to the grave, driven mad, men said, by the furies of an evil conscience, and with loud shrieks imploring those who stood round his bed to take away Lord Stafford. Carstairs, too, was gone. His end was all horror and despair; and with his last breath he had told his attendants to throw him into a ditch like a dog, for that he was not fit to sleep in a Christian burial-ground. But Oates and Dangerfield were still within the reach of the stern prince whom they had wronged. Two bills of indictment against him (Oates) for perjury had been found by the Grand Jury of Middlesex, a few weeks before the death of Charles. Soon after the close of the elections the trial came on.

On the day in which he was brought to the bar, Westminster Hall was crowded with spectators, among whom were many Roman Catholics eager to see the misery and humiliation of their persecutor. A few years earlier, his short neck, his legs uneven as those of a badger, his forehead low as that of a baboon, his purple cheeks, and his monstrous length of chin, had been familiar to all who frequented the courts of law. He had then been the idol of the nation. Wherever he had appeared men had uncovered their heads to him. The lives and estates of the magnates of the realm had been at his mercy. Times had now changed; and many who had formerly regarded him as the deliverer of his country, shuddered at the sight of those hideous features on which villainy seemed to be written by the hand of God.

It was proved beyond all possibility of doubt that this man had, by false testimony, deliberately murdered several guiltless persons. He called in vain on the most eminent members of the parliament which had rewarded and exalted him, to

give evidence in his favor. Some of those whom he summoned absented themselves. None of them said anything tending to his vindication. One of them, the Earl of Huntingdon, bitterly reproached him with having deceived the houses, and drawn on them the guilt of shedding innocent blood.

He was convicted on both indictments. His offence, though, in a moral light, murder of the most aggravated kind, was, in the eye of the law, merely a misdemeanor. The tribunal, however, was desirous to make his punishment more severe than that of felons or traitors, and not merely to put him to death by frightful torments. He was sentenced to be stripped of his clerical habits, to be pilloried in Palace Yard, to be led round Westminster Hall, with an inscription declaring his infamy over his head, to be pilloried again in front of the Royal Exchange, to be whipped from Aldgate to Newgate, and after an interval of two days to be whipped from Newgate to Tyburn. If against all probability he should happen to survive this horrible infliction, he was to be kept close prisoner during life. Five times every year he was to be brought forth from his dungeon and exposed on the pillory in different parts of the capital.

This rigorous sentence was rigorously executed.

Brazil.

The New Orleans *Pienyone* says the affair of the Wachusett and Florida, in the port of Brazil, has suddenly attracted public interest toward Brazil, of which little is heard in this country, except on some special occasion of a passing importance. Yet Brazil has a larger territorial area than any other State in America, North or South, even exceeding that of the United States in their entirety, including the territories. The area of the United States and territories is 2,819,811 square miles; that of Brazil is 1,477,624 square miles (nearly 21 1/2 English square miles (nearly 21.26), and the area of Brazil is, therefore, 3,727,708 square miles. Its greatest breadth is 2,450 miles. English, and its greatest length 2,630. The indentations of the sea give it a coast line on the estimate of nearly four thousand miles.

It is divided into twenty provinces, containing a population, by a census taken in 1857, of 7,677,800 now estimated at 9,000,000—a very motley race; whites, mixed breeds of whites, Indians and negroes, Arabs, and the unmixed aboriginal savages. The unmixed and Arabs are nearly all slaves. The free population is of every shade and hue, propagated by untrammelled "free love." Miscegenation has full sway there, and the results are well the study of political philosophers.

Brazil is the American example of constitutional monarchy. It is governed by a hereditary Emperor, and has at this time the great advantage of having at the head of the empire a man of ability, cultivation, and high personal qualities. Don Pedro II. is in the prime of his life. He will not be 30 years of age until the 2d of December. He succeeded to the throne when quite a child, in 1831, on the abdication of his father, Don Pedro, of Portugal. The late Queen of Portugal, Donna Maria, was a daughter of Don Pedro, and sister of the present Emperor of Brazil. The government was conducted by a regency until the young Emperor assumed the reins of government for himself, and was crowned in 1841. His education was very carefully conducted, and he is a remarkable man for his love of study, and the extent and variety of his accomplishments, and not less for his attention to public affairs and his sincere desire to promote the welfare of his subjects. The Emperor having two children both daughters, of which the eldest, Isabella, 18 years of age, is heiress presumptive; the second, daughter, and last born child, is 17 years of age.

The Emperor has two sisters, the elder of which is married to the Count Aquino, brother to the expected King of Naples, and the younger to the Prince de Joinville, of the French House of Orleans. Her son, by this marriage, is or was recently, a lieutenant in the navy of the United States. His French title is Duke of Penthièvre. It would have been an odd accident, but very probable, for the Emperor's nephew to have been on the Wachusett, in the affair at Bahia. The Empress Dowager, step-mother of the Emperor Don Pedro, who is still living at Rio Janeiro is daughter of Eugene Beauharnais, Vice King of Italy, brother of Queen Hortense, the mother of the present Emperor of the French.

The Emperor's name, at its full length is as follows: Pedro de Alcantara Jean-Baptiste-Leopold-Salvador-Bibiano-Francois-Xavier de Paula-Leocadio Michael-Gabriel-Raphael Gonzague; all of which names, and one or two more with feminine terminations are repeated in the names of his sisters.

The Empire has a constitution granted by the Emperor's father in 1824. There is a General Assembly, composed of two legislative houses, a Chamber of Deputies, consisting of one hundred and twenty members and a Senate of fifty-eight members for the empire; and for each of the provinces there is a Legislative Assembly. The provinces have each a President, appointed by the Emperor. The President who conducted the Brazilian side of the correspondence in the Florida affair, is the Emperor's Representative in the province of Bahia, residing at San Salvador. The voters in Brazil do not vote directly for Senators or Representatives in the General Assembly or the Provincial Assembly. They choose electors as in the presidential election in the United States. These electors elect the members of the House of Deputies for a term of four years. A triple list of Senators is also made up by electors, for each province from which the Emperor selects one third. Senators are for life.

Suffrage in Brazil is very general, but it is limited very much in the functions it exercises.

Brazil has a considerable navy, but not very effective against the improved armaments of the day. She has no iron-clads. The whole number of ships in 1863 was forty-five, of which twenty-two were steamers, and sixteen armed sailing vessels with 260 guns, with several vessels without armament.

The revenue of Brazil in 1862—the last report we have seen—was, in sterling money, £5,858,722: say in round numbers, a little less the \$30,000,000. Its expenditures were a trifle greater than its receipts. Its public debt altogether was £19,372,625—nearly \$97,000,000—in which is included about \$18,000,000 in government paper money. About £7,000,000 (sterling), say \$35,000,000, is due in England, bearing interest of partly 5 per cent., and partly 4 1/2 per cent.

Diplomatic relations have been disturbed since June, 1863, between Brazil and Great Britain, by the act of the Emperor resenting on indignity put upon her flag by the seizure of Brazilian vessels in her ports, in reprisals for an alleged failure of the Brazilian authorities to make satisfaction for injuries to British subjects, namely, in the case of a wrecked English vessel, of which the crew were plundered, and one or more of them killed by inhabitants of the coast, and for insults to British officers of one of the cities of the empire—Rio, if we remember rightly. After some negotiations, perhaps mediation, the subjects in difference were referred to King Leopold of Belgium, and it has been stated in the British journals that the award of Leopold is in favor of Brazil; we now all know why it is that the diplomatic relations have not been fully restored.

Bahia, or more properly San Salvador, the chief city of the province of Bahia, is the second city of the Brazilian empire, inside of the Bahia de Todos los Santos (All Saints' bay,) south of San Antonio, and about 800 miles from Rio Janeiro. It has a harbor which is accounted one of the finest in the world, capable of admitting any vessel of the largest size. It is strongly fortified with numerous stone forts, but scarcely strong enough to resist the improved artillery lately brought into use. The population is now about 125,000 to 130,000. The place carries on a considerable commerce, is the seat of government of the province, and of a Catholic Archbishopric, both of which have palaces there, and contains also public and military hospitals, theatre, and other extensive buildings. The Catholic archbishop and primate of all Brazil resides at San Salvador.

The minister of the United States in Brazil is James Watson Webb, formerly of the New York *Courier and Enquirer*. The Consul at Bahia was Thomas F. Wilson, who has returned to the United States, and is now in Washington. The Brazilian authorities suspended his functions in consequence of his share in the affair of the Florida.

The Brazilian Minister to the United States is Senor Miguel Maria Lisboa. The Consul General for the United States is Senor de Aguiar, at New York.

A Western editor was lately shot in an affray. Luckily, the ball came against a bundle of unpaid accounts in his pocket. Gunpowder could not go through that!

A Romantic Story.

The following story reads very much like fiction, but we find it in an exchange of high character, which avows belief in its essential truth, we give it as an illustration of providential reward for kind actions:

"Some years ago a poor, penniless adventurer arrives at San Bernardino. His clothes were in rags, and scant at that. His cheeks were hollow, and his eyes had that restless, fierce expression that is seen in one who has not for a long time tasted food. The stranger stopped at a farm house, and, after some hesitation, asked for a meal. The ranchero, who was well-to-do in the world, at once granted the request. Entering in conversation with the stranger, he found that he was trying to make his way to the mines, but miscalculating the expense of the route, had found his means inadequate to bear him to his journey's end. The ranchero was so impressed with his story that he voluntarily loaned the needy adventurer a sum of money to help him to his destination. Time sped with its chances and changes, and found the once prosperous ranchero despoiled of his little property, seeking a precarious subsistence in San Francisco, and getting a livelihood with difficulty at that. Such was the condition of affairs, when several weeks since, a chowry carriage drove up to the poor man's door.

A richly attired gentleman alighted therefrom. It proved to be the penniless adventurer whom the now reduced ranchero had once so generously assisted. Luck had changed with the former. He had made some money in the placers; had traveled thence to Washoe, and engaged in the silver mines, amassed, like many others once poor, a rapid fortune. He had come to invite his benefactor, with his family, to ride, for the purpose of taking a look at a neat cottage which he had just purchased in the suburbs. The party rode forth in high spirits. The morning was fine and the air exhilarating. In due time they arrived at the cottage, which proved to be one of the neatest in the neighborhood; a bison of a place, with old nooks and gables, and the coziest of furniture.

When the visitors had satisfied themselves with admiring everything that there was to be admired, and had partaken of a repast spread for the occasion, their entertainer turned to them and said:

"It is not so long that the destitute stranger who came to your gate for where-withal to satisfy the cravings of hunger, and whom you sent on his way rejoicing, with more money than he had seen for a twelve-month. I am the stranger. With the proceeds of your generosity I reached the mines. Success crowned my efforts. I was wealthy, I visited San Bernardino for the purpose of discharging my debt of gratitude, but you were not there. I sought you everywhere, and finally found you in your place of refuge, nearly as destitute as myself on the day when, overcome with hunger, I paused at your hospitable threshold. My mission is accomplished. You have been pleased to admire this cottage. It is yours. Take it, with all that it contains, and may Heaven enable you, my benefactor, to prosper as I have prospered."

To finish the story, the title deeds were placed in the hands of the astonished ranchero, and he is at this moment comfortably installed with his family in his new domicile, the happiest of men.

MARRIAGE A LA MODE NOUVELE.—An old Dutch farmer, just arrived at the dignity of justice of the peace, had his first marriage case. He dished it up in this way. He first said to the man:

"Vell, you wants to be married, do you? Vell, you loves dis woman so goot as any woman you have never see?"

"Yes," answered the man.

Then to the woman:

"Vell, do you love dis man so better as no man you ever see?"

Lady hesitated, and he repeated:

"Vell, vell, do you likes him so vell as to be his wife?"

"Oh, certainly," she answered, with a kind of a titter.

"Vell, dat is all any reasonable man can expect. So you bees married; I pronounce you man and wife."

The man then asked the justice what was to pay.

"Oh, nothing at all—you are welcome to it if it will do you any goot."

A young gentleman, who had just married a little, undersized beauty, says she would have been taller, but she is made of such precious materials that Nature could not afford it.